

King's English

-We were three Polacks who stunk.

Too much physical work and not enough showers.
And in comes this Brit! Saville Fuckin Row!

-Lost?

-Oxford accent, rolled umbrella! Hired him
on the spot!

-In what capacity?

-None.

-What did he do?

-Nothing.

-All for Class?

-Looked and sounded so nice! Civilized.

-Well, he must've had SOME talent!

-Like in the Bible, kept it under a basket?

--All that money paid to...!

-Just five years. Then we retired him
with as much pomp as General Macarthur!

-Good riddance!--to the Brit, not Douglas.

-I miss him!

-However could you...?"

-No talent and no work: where's the threat?

